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Fucking Will Byers is an art form.

lemonade

Author's Note:

> unbetaed. definitely some grammar problems. I'm bad at writing actual fucking sentences AND pronoun placement

Springtime in Hawkins is a welcome relief after a long winter. The snow and ice melt away in March, finally, opening up front lawns and playgrounds. Housewives are finally able to get a tan again, taking their toddlers out to the neighborhood park. Birthday parties are now outdoors, bringing in the piercing banshee screams that come from a group of kids larger than three. It's the season where the warmer memories of life happen.

It's the season when Billy's finally able to walk around outside without wanting to set fire to someone for warmth. On the first day where the temperature is above sixty degrees, he walks into school in ripped jeans and a half-buttoned shirt. It doesn't even taken longer than five minutes for his car to warm up in the morning. Sixty degrees used to be cold. Now, it's sought-after-and-finally-received warmth.

Hawkins in Springtime also ushers in something that Billy never thought he'd come to enjoy.

Will Byers sways side to side while he waits for his big brother. He's wearing a pair of shorts that were probably once jeans, jeans too big for his scrawny legs, but the shorts are held up by a black belt with the faux leather crinkled from age. Strings of loose denim hang out at the ends, dangling down and almost to his knees. He's a bony kid, just enough meat attached to his skeleton not to be completely scrawny. And yet-

And yet, Billy thinks he might break the zipper on his jeans if he keeps on staring. It'd be easier to think Will's just some weird geek if Billy didn't know how the boy looks when his thin lips are stretched even thinner around Billy's dick. Be a whole lot fucking easier to not wonder what his mouth tasted like in the Spring, if he didn't know

what the boy's mouth tasted like on New Years' Eve.

Billy crushes a lollipop between his molars, watches while Will still keeps on fucking swaying.

If Jonathan Byers doesn't show up soon, Billy's going to make a really bad decision.

Billy doesn't even wait another minute before he rolling down his window. He's supposed to be waiting an extra couple minutes for Max, who got sick and has to pick up homework. He knows she's got her skateboard and dad won't be home to know that she went home on her own unless she tattles. Max normally doesn't tattle. He's working out all the details, still, when he hollers, "Hey, Byers! Need a ride?"

Will has the audacity to look shy.

"My brother should be out here soon." Will replies. His legs are moving, anyways, and he's coming up to the open window. "If I'm not here, he'll worry." He says and it is code for '*Someone'll find out that I went with you*.'

Billy flicks the lollipop stick, the tip stained with cherry flavor and little red crystals he didn't bother to suck off, out the window. It narrowly misses sticking to Will's t-shirt. "Too bad." He says.

"But, um, maybe, I was wondering if you'd," Will pauses and licks his lips. "Are you still tutoring?"

"Nah." Billy says. "I got my volunteer hours in, but, if you need help,"

"With my math, again." Will says and presses against the door. "Jonathan's working tonight and my mom is taking a night shift, so she'll leave after she lets you in, but, it's okay for you to be there with me alone."

"I'll be there." Billy says.

The school door opens and Jonathan's walking out, with a folder clutched under his arm. He looks at Billy and his stare is only weakly

questioning.

After all, Billy does know Will. How else could he have ended up in Will's bedroom during the holidays if Will hadn't been failing his math class, if Billy hadn't needed hours in for the school-sponsored tutoring to glorify himself on his college application.

"See you at five." Will says, eyes looking down into the car, looking ready to drool.

Billy rolls up the window just as Jonathan nears into their six-foot radius.

At a quarter past five, Billy crushes a cigarette underneath his boot and waits for his last exhale to completely vanish into the wind before he knocks on the door. He expects Joyce Byers to be standing there, with her dead stare that tells him she doesn't like him or really trust him. If there was something worth stealing, she probably wouldn't let him inside. It isn't her, though, but Will who rocks on his feet and cheekily asks, "What's the password?"

"Fuck you." Billy says and ruffles the kid's hair, pushing him back enough until Billy can step inside.

Will closes the door and says, "Mom's getting dressed. The dinner is still cooling off on the counter if you want any. Mom made meatloaf and mashed potatoes."

"I ate." Billy says. He didn't, but he's eaten Joyce Byers' meatloaf and boxed mashed potatoes before.

A quarter to six, Joyce Byers is walking out the front door while Billy watches Will solve the word problem that he's already done before out of his textbook. She had kissed Will's forehead as a goodbye and told him to be in bed by nine. The moment he hears Joyce's car pull out of the driveway, Billy knocks his fingers gently against Will's stomach.

"You ready?" Billy asks.

Will nods and pushes away from the table. When he stands up, his

chair skids. “I did something for you, too.” He says and he holds out his hand, looking excited like he’s a baby with candy.

It’s a pussy thing to do, but Billy takes Will’s hand as he stands up anyways. He lets Will walk him out of the kitchen and down the hallway to Will’s bedroom.

Will closes the door himself and takes Billy over to his bed. “Sit!” He says and lets go of Billy’s hand. He wriggles like a worm while he watches Billy obey.

“What did ya do for me?” Billy asks, leaning back once he’s sitting down and bracing himself against the bed with his elbows. Will shimmies and begins to undress. Billy’s head tilts, not really getting it until Will’s patterned briefs fall to the floor.

Even Will Byers has pubic hair, though it’s basically peach fuzz and barely even worthy of being called pubic hair. Too young and too early into puberty to really have anything. Only, Will Byers has pubic hair is now Will Byers had pubic hair.

“I shaved.” Will says. “I got a disposable razor and, um, I shaved everything. My legs and my armpits, and, um, you know. There.” He taps his thigh, beginning to blush. “I know you, you like it, right? I hoped you would and I-“

“Good.” Billy says. “It’s good. Come on over here for me.”

Will bobs his head and practically runs into Billy’s lap, hopping up like a rabbit and pushing his warm chest against Billy’s. “I wanna fuck. Please?” He asks, begging already, and Billy hasn’t even done anything yet.

Guess foreplay isn’t happening tonight. Not that Billy really cares, anyways. He digs his fingers into Will’s waist. He thinks the kid’s growing, it feels like it, and he thinks he might miss the feel of Will’s ass digging into his lap. It feels- plush, now. His hands slide and he massages his thumbs across Will’s butt cheeks and confirms that, definitely, Will’s growing.

Maybe Will’s finally eating more. Billy doesn’t know, doesn’t really

care. Maybe Will won't cry as much when Billy wants to smack him on his ass. He can't decide if that's a good thing or not.

"You know how I like you, babe." Billy says.

Will crawls right off of Billy's lap onto his bed, pressing his forearms and his knees flat against the mattress. He shakes his ass like he's got a tail. Billy laughs. "Pretty, pretty please, hurry up." Will begs. "Been forever."

It's been about a month, probably. The last time Billy got his dick wet with Will Byers was when the temperature still got to freezing at night. But Will doesn't have girls to fuck, or even other guys, when he's not with Billy.

"Poor thing." Billy says.

He gets up to grab the bottle of lotion off of Will's dresser. He pops out the button on his jeans, pulls down the zipper. He pushes down denim until he can catch his thumbs on his boxers. He doesn't even bother to undress completely, just enough so he can pull his dick out. He rubs a quarter of cold lotion on until it's warm. Adds another dollop onto his palm before he moves in on Will.

"Don't." Will says when he gets too close. He trembles against his blanket, head just shy of a pillow. "I fingered myself this morning. I'm open enough. Please. I wanna feel it. If you use too much of that stuff, I won't. Please." He repeats 'Please' and Billy actually considers what Will's asking for.

"You don't know what you want." Billy says. He gets onto the bed, too, and wipes the lotion off directly over Will's hole. It flutters weakly and Billy knows damn well if he pushes in now, Will would actually tear open. "Your mom might be willing to ignore cum stains, but I doubt she'll ignore blood." He says.

Will sniffs and he pouts, turns his head and hides his face. "Don't care." He says and Billy can barely hear him.

Billy slips two fingers in past the smeared lotion. His skin catches slightly. Will's body clenches down and Billy can see the tension

grow between Will's shoulders, until a breath is let out and muscles relax. "See?" He says and begins to move his fingers. He pumps a total of a dozen times, counted exact , before he forces in a third finger. He pumps another dozen, before he spreads them out as far as he can inside.

The entire time, Will's been rocking minutely and letting out soft noises.

"Be a little patient." Billy says, like he's got any. He pulls out of his fingers and smacks all three like angry tapping against Will's ass cheek. "We're getting there."

When Billy does finally sink inside of the boy, it's the sound of pup-mewls. Soft, high-pitched moans that stretch out and leave Will behind, breathless. The boy doesn't make another noise when Billy directs the arch of his back with a hand pushing down, riding up his spine. He does, however, whimper like he's a baby and his candy's being stolen from him when Billy pulls out to start thrusting.

It's light, delicate. So fucking soft that Billy's almost calling himself a fucking pussy, but he's not fucking a pussy. He knows, from experience, that as much Will likes to say it and crave it that Will can't handle anything above 5 in the 1 to 10 scale of roughness. By 7, Will's crying and sobbing and trying to get away. By 9, Will feels like shit and is silent when Billy finishes. At 10, Will doesn't even cum.

Fucking Will Byers is an art that Billy Hargrove thoroughly enjoys.

Holding himself back isn't hard for Billy to do, even when he's rocking into the boy and enjoying the tunes of Will's cries and other puppy noises. He whimpers and he moans and he groans and he whines, and he begs and he begs so beautifully that Billy wants not to just fuck him until they've both cum, but give him the entire universe on a polished silver platter.

It's easy to make his touches a little nice when he leans down, presses himself as much against as he can against Will's back while his hips go 'smack-smack-smack' against Will's ass. Billy nuzzles against Will's neck and mouths along a vein, the name of which he probably knows, but doesn't right now. He murmurs something as soft as Will,

“You’re taking it so well, baby.”

Will’s mouth is wet with spit and he’s got drool trailing from the corner of his lips that slide against his bed, wetting his cheek and his cheek. He sticks out his tongue and he pants out, seeming to be barely able to even talk, “Am I,” He gasps and his body shudders. He’s close, Billy knows. “Am I a good boy?” He asks.

Billy nods against Will’s neck. “You’re a good boy.” He confirms. “The best little boy.”

When Will Byers orgasms, it’s like Heaven’s choir is screaming in Billy’s ears and Heaven’s clouds are spasming around Billy’s dick. Will’s body clenches so tight that Billy trembles, can’t help it as he digs in as deep as he can go. He spills inside and he doesn’t even feel very guilty about that all.

Billy leaves behind a trail of wet kisses, after he’s all emptied out. He pulls away, but keeps his hands attached. Will likes to be held. How can Billy imagine to deny him something so little?

In the Springtime, Will Byers’ mouth tastes like lemonade with too much sugar and overcooked ground beef. Billy discovers it when he shoves his tongue in while he lays beside the boy like he’s deserving of the place.

Author's Note:

> I almost added another page where Joyce comes home and it's revealed that she definitely knows these two are banging. She's a mom of two boys, she isn't stupid. But she lets Nancy come and go, she isn't going to try to take something away from Will.
> She still does his laundry, like Jesus. She knows it's not only one boy who can make that many stains.
>
> p.s. it's been almost 2 months since I last posted a Will/Billy fic!! so be happy i'm coming back out of the woodwork. if you kept track of me on tumblr, you'd know it got deleted. don't worry i'm still going to post the 10k fic. i'm also actually finally working

on the third chapter of sex dwarf!!! shocking, right? lmao. however sentimental values and other works will probably be held off until my holiday break in December. I have finals coming up and school has obviously been interfering with my writing time, plus I work second and third shift throughout the week. during the holidays tho??? catch me on here way too much prolly

p.s.again. THANKS FOR READING!!! leave me love notes plz and thank you, i beg for validation